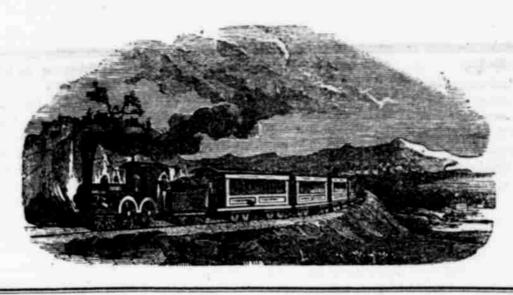
PLYMOUTH

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ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.

A WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER -- DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ETC.

Polume 1.

Plymouth, Thio, Saturday Morning, March 18, 1854.

Aumber 22.

POBTRY.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Close her eyelids-press them gently O'er the dull and leaden eyes, For the soul that made them lovely Hath returned unto the skies; Wipe the death-drops from her forehead, Sever one dear golden tress, Fold her icy hands all meekly, Smooth the little snowy dress; Scatter flowers o'erher pillow-Gentle flowers so pure and white-Lay the bud upon her bosom, There-now softly say-good night.

Though our tears flow fast and faster, Yet we would not call her back, We are glad her feet no longer. Tread life's rough and thorny track; We are glad our Heavenly Father Took her while her heart was pure, We are glad he did not leave her All life's trouble to endure; We are glad-and yet the tear-drop Falleth, for alas we know That our fire-side will be lonely, We shall miss our darling so.

While the twilight shadows gather, We shall wait in vain to feel, Little arms, all white and dimpled, Round our necks so softly steal; Our wet cheeks will miss the pressure Of sweet lips so warm and red, And our bosoms sadly, sadly, Miss that darling little head Which was wont to rest there sweetly, And those azure eyes so bright, We shall miss their loving glances, We shall miss their soft good night.

When the morrow's sun is shining, They will take this cherished form, They will bear it to the church-yard, And consign it to the worm ; Well-what matter? It is only The clay dress our darling wore; God has robed her as angel, She hath need of this no more; old her hands, and o'er her a liou Scatter flowers all pure and white, Kiss that marble brow and whisper Once again, a last good night.

Miscellaneous.

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

BY DICKENS.

I have never told you my secret, my dear nieces. However, this Christmas, which may be the last to an old woman, I will give the whole story; for though it is a strange story; and a sad one, it is true; and what sin there was in it, I trust I may have expiated by my tears and my repentance. Perhaps the last expiation of all is this painful confession.

We were very young at the time, Lucv and I, and the neighb rs said we were pretty. So we were, I believe, though entirely different; for Lucy was quiet, and fair, and I was full of life and spirits; wild beyond any power of control, and reckless. I was the elder by two years; but more fit to be in leading strings myself than to guide or govern my sister. pors. I heard my own name, I can passed through, and Mr. Felix took poss-praise. She used to cling to me in a his lips. I consented to leave my father. But she was so good, so quiet, and so through the room, and then bursts of ession of Green Howe. picture in the dining room of her, in the clammy breath from theirs. spite of all the difference of dress, was ly eighteen when it was taken, there was no discrepancy of years:

and coffins; or breaking the whites of into ghosts or spirits; for they were clear-

and he had made it into a lumber-place- concealed in the room, I searched every ger host. posed that one of us should go into this paper lying like bleaching skin. I took were pale; with eyes that were extremely further.' wall. As I was always the fool-hardy ing human was in the room, and that no there further alterations to be made, all ances. girl of every party, and was, moreover, one could have been there to-night, nor with such a disregard for local difficulties, I answered. 'yes,' burying my face in "Come, Lizzie, come!" very desirious of seeing that apocryphal for many months, if not years, and still and for cost, that, had he been one of the my hands; in shame at this my first act of I staggered, rather than walked, to the individual, my future husband. (whose nerved to a state of desperate courage, I princes of the genii, he could not have disobedience to my father; and when I window, and as I was close to it-my non-appearance I used to wonder at and went back to the drawing-room. But as talked more royally. He was more than raised my head, he was gone. Gone as hand raised to open it-there stood be-

burst in with some strong man's hand on through the darkness. the bars, and his shoulder against the sometimes with fury, and sometimes with that what I had seen was true, and that could object to. the leaves slowly scraping against the no sophistry and no argument, no reason glass, and drawing out long shrill sounds, and no ridicule, could shake my belief in der his unfluence. In one thing only a chains, or sounded like men's feet hurry- your lips burn like fire !' scream strnck my ear. And I was not in diffused and indistinct. the least frightened or disturbed; it all seemed natural and familiar. I placed the candle on a table in the midst of the room where ar old broken mirror stood; first wiped off the dust, I began to eat

In about ten minutes, I heard a dull, vague, unearthly sound; felt, not heard. nor move without parting thickening va-pors. I heard my own name, I can dark colored, strange looking people— him, or allow him one single claim to

Eve's forbidden fruit, wishing intently,

my future husband.

exactly like Lucy; and, as Lucy was but I was fascinated and spell-bound; yet to me; and the shrubbery, which had been now seventeen, and mother had been on with every sense seeming to possess ten a wilderness, was restored to order. The One All-Hallow's eve, a party of us- ing an apparition, when suddenly I saw broken rellis-work, which used to hang all young girls, not one of us twenty a man's face peering over my shoulder in dangling among the ivoy, was matted with years of age-were trying our fortunes the glass. Girls, I could draw that face creeping roses, and jasmine, which left on round the drawing-room fire; throwing to this hour! The low forehead, with me the impression of having been in flownuts into the bright blaze, to hear if myth- the short curling hair, black as jet, grow- er, which was impossible. It was a fairy ic "He's" loved any of us, and in what ing down in a sharp point; the dark eyes, palace; and we could scarcely believe that proportion; or pouring hot lead into wa- beneath thick eye-brows, burning with a his was the deserted, ill-omened Green ble. ter, to find cradles and rings, or purses peculiar light: the nose and the dilating Howe. The foreign servants, too, in eggs into tumblers half full of water, and -I see them all plainly before me now. | necklaces and earrings the foreign smell hen drawing pictures of the future—the And oh! the smile that it was!-the of sandal wood, and camphor, and musk; prettiest experiment of all. I remember mockery and sneer, the derision, the Lucy could only make a recumbent fig-sarcasm, the contempt, the victory that place of doors, some of velver, and some the sudden appearance, for I am certain ure of her's like a marble monument in were in it! even then it struck me into a of cloth of gold; the air of luxury, such miniature; and I, a maze of masks, sense of submission. The eyes looked as I, a simple country girl, had never seen skulls, and things that looked like dancing full into mine; those eyes fastened on before, made such a power ul impression apes or imps, and vapory lines that did each other: and, as I ended my task, the on me, that I felt as carried away to some not require much imagination to fashion church clock chimed the half-hour : and, unknown region. As we entered, Mr. ly human in the outline, but thin and va- turned round, expecting to see a living a heavy curtain that seemed all of gold pory. And we all laughed a great deal, man standing beside me. But I met on- and fire—for the flame colored flowers and teased one another, and were as full ly the chill air coming in from the loose danced and quivered on the gold—he led of fun and mischief, and innocence and window, and the solitude of the dark night, thoughtlessness, as a nest of young birds. The life had gone: the wings had rushed ed lights, the atmosphere heavy with personal land to the solitude of the dark night, us into an inner room, where the darken and yet I knew that he was like some and yet I knew that he was like was like the was like yet I knew that he was like some an There was a certain room at the other away : the voices had died out, and I fumes, the statues, the birds like living one I had seen - a face that hovered outend of our rambling old manor-house, was alone-with the rats behind the jewels, the magnificence of stuffs, and the side my memory, on the horrizon, and the crowd of whispering voices flowed which was said to be haunted, and which wainscot, the owls hooting in the tvy, and luxuriousness of arrangement overpower- never flonted near enough to be distinctly

make the trial, notwithstanding the en- flowed out with me : and, through the often and in a lower voice, bending down ing ever so lightly. treaties of some of the more timid. Lu-cy, above all, clung to me, and besought that this something was behind me. My me earnestly not to go-at last, almost steps were heavy, the consciousness of I saw that my father was uneasy; and I stole at his command from the house, ly and mournfully into mine. She was with tears. But my pride of courage, pursuit having paralyzed, not quickened when we left, I asked him how he liked to walk with him in the Low Lane silent, and yet it seemed as if a volume of and my curiosity, and a certain nameless me : for I knew that when I left that our new neighbor. He said, Not much, the lane which the country people said love and of entreaty flowed from her lips, feeling of attraction, were too strong for haunted room I had not left it alone. As Lizzie, with a grave and almost displeas- was haunted, and which was consequent- as if I heard words of deathless affection. me. I laughed Lucy and her abettors in- I opened the drawing-room door, the ed look, as if he had probed the weak- ly always deserted. And there we used It was Lucy, standing there in this bitter to silence; uttered half a dozen bravadoes, blazing fire and the strong lamp-light ness I was scarcely conscious of myself. to walk or sit under the blighted elm-tree and taking up a bed-room candle, passed bursting out upon me with a peculiar ex- I thought at the time he was harsh. hrough the long silent passages to the pression of cheerfulness and welcome, I However, as there was nothing posi- all he said for there was a tone of grancold, dark, deserted room-my heart beat heard a laugh close at my elbow, and felt tive to object to in Mr. Felix, my father's deur and of mystery in his words that oned me gently, lovingly, ing with excitement, my foolish head diz- a hot blast across my neck. I started impulse of distrust could not be indulged overpowered without enlightening me. beseechingly, and then slowly faded away. zy with hope and faith. The church- back, but the laugh died away, and all I without rudeness; and my dear father was and that left my spirit dazzled rather than The chime of the half-hour sounded. and clock chimed a quarter past twelve as I saw were two points of light, fiery and too thoroughly a gentleman ever to be convinced. I had to give reasons at home I fied from the room of my sister. I found It was an awful night. The windows selves into eyes beneath their heavy saw a great deal of the stranger, who es-

ing to and fro; and every now and then And so they did, and for long after. sive irritability of temper when I was intervals, I nursed her tenderly and lov- at that hour of half-past twelve-and at a cry broke through the room, one could The presence was with me still, never away from him. Everything at home ingly as before, but for hours and hours I half past twelve, as I live before you all, not tell from where or from what, but a leaving me day nor night; by my pillow, disp eased me. Everything scemed so left her—all through the long summer she appeared to me and recalled me. cry, distinct and human; heavy blows its whispering voice often waking me from small and mean, and old and poor, after -to walk in the Low Lane, and to sit in And this is the reason why I never eracked like parting ice beneath my feet, sunlight; by my side in the still moonlight; very careasses of my family and olden and loud knockings shook the walls. Yet never absent, busy at my brain, busy at school-day friends were irksome and hatein this tumult, I was not afraid. I reas- my heart-a form ever banded to me. It ful to me. All except my Lucy lost its oned on each new sound very calmly- flitted like a cloud between my sister's chaim; and to her I was faithful as ever; and said, "Those are rats," or "those are eyes and mire, and dimmed so that I to her I never changed. But her influleaves," and "birds in the chimney," or could scarcely see their beauty. It drown- ence seemed to war with his wonderfully. "owls in the ivy," as each new howl or ed my father's voice, and his words fell When with him, I felt borne away in a Not long after, a stranger came into

Howe, a deserted old property on the river and looked steadily into the glass, [having side, where no one had lived for many years, not since the young bride, Mrs. Braithwaite, had been found in the river as I had been bidden, for the apparition of one morning, entagled among the dark weeds and dripping elders, strangled and sacred things of heaven and the earnest drowned, and her husband dead-none things of life, seemed to me like a firmer knew-lying by the chapel door. The existence; a state I had lived in years ago. It was as if countless wings rushed by, place had a bad name ever since, and no But this divided influence nearly killed and small low voices whispering, too-as one would live there. However, it was me; it seemed to part my very soul and if a crowd, a multitude of life was about said that a s ranger, who had been long in wrench m. being in twain and this, more me as if shadowy faces crushed up the East, a Mr. Felix, had now bought it, than all the rest, made me sad beyond against me, and eyes and hands, and and that he was coming to reside there. anything people believed posssible in one sneering lips, all mocked me. I was suf. And, true enough, one day, the whole of so gay and reckless as I had been. focated; the air was so heavy, so filled our little town of Hill Snow was in a state

wise, that she needed no one's guidance; laughter followed, and the wings rustled My father called on him after a time, with prayers, such as a mother might for if advice was to be given, it was her and fluttered, and the whispering voices and I, as the mistres of the house, went have poured out before an erring child, to who gave it, not I; and I never knew her mocked and chattered, and the heavy air with him. Green Howe had been stop in time, and return to those who lovjudgment or perception fuil. She was so filled with life, hung heavier and thick- changed, as if by magic, and we ed me. For your soul is lost from among the darling of the house. My mother er, and the things pressed up to me closer, both said so together, as we entered the us, Lizzie, she used to say; and nothing had died soon after Lucy was born. A and checked the breath on my lips, with iron gates that led up the broad walk. The but a frame remains of the full life of rnined garden was one mass of plants, love you once gave us!' But one word, one I was not alarmed : I was not excited : fresh and green, many of them quite new times its natural power, I still went on house looked larger than before, now that my awe. looking in the glass, still earnestly desirit was so beautifully decorated, and the nostrils: the thin lips curling into a smile eastern dresses, covered with rings, and suddenly released, as if from a spell, I Felix came to meet us; and drawing aside

not be frightened by foolish servants; been played me, or that some one was voice, and saw only the form of our stran , there are ties which are stronger than a ing smile even more triumphant, the

shook, as if every instant they would brows, and looked at me meaningly tablished himself in our house on the most blind widow of Thornhill Rise, and that stretched out as if in supplication familliar footing, and forced on my father I had been reading the Bible to her. And They all wanted to know what I had and Lucy an intimacy they both disliked I obeyed, though, while I said it, I felt frames; and the trees howled and shrieked seen; but I refused to say a word; not lik. but could not avoid. For it was forced Lucy's eye fixed plaintively on mine, and into ruins again. No one knew where he as if each branch were sentient and in ing to tell a falsehood then, and not liking with such consummate skill and tact, that heard her murmur a prayer that I might pain. The ivy beat against the window, to expose myself to ridicule. For I felt there was nothing which the most rigid be forgiven.

like spirits crying to each other. In the it. My sweet Lucy came up to me, see- happier-in the loss of the voice and the that it was grief more than malady which room it was worse. Rats had made it ing me look so pale and wild, threw her form that had haunted me. Since I had their refuge for many years, and they arms around my neck, and leaned forward known Felix, this terror had gone. The suffering which used to be in her face has that my sister's spirit saved me from ruin: shall pay a duty of 10 per cent. The rushed behind the wainscot and down in- to kiss me. As she bent her head, I felt reality had absorbed the shadow. But in haunted me through life with undyling and that she died to save me. She had side the walls, bringing with them show- the same warm blast rush over my lips, nothing e'se was this strange man's influers of lime and dust, which rattled like and my sweet sister cried, 'Why, Lizzy, ened over me beneficial. I remember that I used to hate myself for my excestorrent. His words fell upon me mysteour neighborhood. He bought Green glimpses into words that had never opened themselves to me before; glimpses seen and gone like the Arabian gardens.

When I come back to my sweet sister her pure eyes and the holy light that lay in them, her gentle voice, speaking of the

My father's dislike to Felix increased wild, beseathing way, and entreat me look, from Felix was enough to make me forget every tear and every prayer of her who, until now, had been my idol and

have died. In vain I went and prayed. In vain I gave full license to my thoughts, and suffered words to flow from my lips which ought never to have crept into my heart. In vain; my father was inexora-

I was in the drawing room. Suddenly noiselessly, Felix was beside me. He had not entered by the door, which was directly in front of me, and the window he had not been concealed,

'Your father has spoken of me, Lizzie? he continued .Yes.' I answered, impelled to speak by

something stronger than my will. 'And you intend to obey him?' 'No.' I said again, in the same manner,

as if had been taken in a dream. He smiled again. Who was he so like

my tather had therefore discontinued as a the wind howling through the trees.

dwelling-room, that we children might Convinced that either some trick had therefore in which I heard only the rich You are right, Lizzie, he then

that I had been with old Dame Todd, the

Lucy grew ill. As the flowers and the summer sun came on, her spirits faded more rapidly away. I have known since was killing h r. The look of nameless came back my sister was often weeping, eve in prayer by my sister's grave. rious and thrilling, and he gave fleeting the power and the spell that was on me. in Heaven .-- Household Words. But the morrow subjected me to the same unhallowed fascination, the same faith-

At last Felix told me that I must come take part in his life; that I belonged to him and him only, and that I could not break the tablet of a fate ordained, that was his destiny, and he mine, and that I must fulfil the law which the stars had written in the sky. I fought against this. I spoke of my father's anger, and of my sister's illness. I prayed to him for pity. not to force this on me, and knelt in the shadows of autumn sunset to ask from him forbearance.

I did not yield this day, nor the next, focated; the air was so heavy, so filled with life that I could not breathe. I was of excitement, for a traveling carriage and four, followed by another full of ser pressed on all sides, and could not turn bridge. I did not yield this day, nor the next, nor for many days. At last he conquerscarf I wore around my neck. Until then whose whole life had been one act of love stain on our name, unstained until then. I consented to leave those who loved me, for a stranger.

All was prepared, the hurrying clouds, lead colored, and the howling winds, the fit companions in nature with the evil and the despair of my soul. Lucy was worse to-day-but though I felt going to my death, in leaving her, I could not resist, Had his voice called me to the scaffold, I to see Felix again. I felt as if I should must have gone. It was the last day of October and at midnight, when I was to leave the house. I had kissed my sleeping sister, who was dreaming in her sleep and cried, and grasped my hand, called aloud, 'Lizzie, Lizzie! come back!' Bu the spell was on me, and I left her, and still her dreaming voice called out, choking with sobs, 'Not there! not there. Lizzie! Come back to me?'

I was to leave the house by the large, old, haunted room that I have spoken of before: Felix waiting for me outside. And, a little after twelve o'clock, I opened the door to pass through. This time the chill, and the damp, and darkness unnerved me. The broken mirror was in the middle of the room, as before, and, in passing it, I mechanically raised my eyes. Then I remem e ed that it was apparition of last year. As I looked, the room which had been so deadly still, became filled with the sounds I had heard before. The rushing of large wings, and like a river round me; and again, glaring into my eyes, was the same face in the glass that I had seen before, the sneer-

father's command-ties which no man has blighting stare of the fiery eyes, the low a kind of ground-floor granary—where no one had any business. Well, it was pro with the dust of ages, and with rotting dark, yet pale as marble—his very lips noon in the Low Lane—we will speak look of mockery. All were there; and all I had seen before and since, for it was room alone, lock the door, stand before a down the chimney board, and soot and bright, but which had an expression be- He did not say this in any supplicating Felix who was gazing at me from the glass, pare and eat an apple very deliberashes flew up like clouds I opened dim hind them that subdued me. His man-nor in any loving manner; it was simply glass. When I turned to speak to him, ately, looking fixedly in the glass all the old closets, where all manner of foul inners were graceful. He was very cora command, unaccompanied by one tender the room was empty. Not a living creative graceful. time; and then, if the mind never once sects had made their homes, and where dial to us, and made us stay a long time, word or look. He had never said he ture was there, only a low laugh, and the wandered, the future husband would be daylight had not entered for generations : taking us through his grounds to see his loved me-never; it seemed to me he too far off voices whispering, and the wings. clearly shown in the mirror against the but I found nothing. Eatisfied that noth- improvements, and pointing out here and well understood between us to need assur- And then a hand tapped on the window, and the voice of Felix cried from outside.

bewail in secret,) I was glad a nough to I left that room I felt that something merely attentive to me; speaking to me he had entered, without a footfall sound- tween me and it, a pale figure clothed in white : her face more pale than the linen midnight cold-giving her life to save me. for hours; he talking, but I understanding Felix called to me again, impatiently, and as he called, the figure turned, and beck. flaming, that somehow tashioned them- rude even to his enemy. We therefore, for my long absences, and he bademe say her lying dead on the floor; her hair hanging over her breast, and one hand The next day Felix disappeared; he and

his whole retinue; and Greene Howe fell went, as no one knew from whence he came. And to this day I sometimes doubt whether or not he was a clever adventurer, who had heard of my father's wealth, and who, seeing my weak and imaginary character, had acted on it for his own purposes. All that I know is, sorrow. It was suffering that I, who seen and known all, and gave herself for ought to have died for her, had caused. - my salvation down to the last and supreme ket. Redfield will please answer. But not even illness stayed me. In the effect she made to rescue me. She died

ny world of poetry and fire. When I married, and why I pass All-Hallow and I knew that it was for me -- I, who have told you to night this story of mine, once would have given my life to save because I feel that I shall not live over her from one hour of sorrow. Then I another last night in October, but before would fling myself on my knees beside the next white Christmast roses came out her, in an agony of shame and repent- like winter stars on the earth, I shall be at ance, and promise better things of the peace in the grave. Not in the grave, let | acid, hemp. or bad rum, he indulges in morrow, and vow s rong efforts against me. Father, hope with my blessed sister frog-soup, Medeira wine, jokes and the

INFANTS' RIGHTS CONVENTION .-- A large and spirited meeting of infants was with him, that I must leave my home, and recently held in Nurserydom, at which they asserted their rights, and called for an immediate reduces of the wrongs which have been inflicted upon them.

> "Whereas, We have been brought into existence without being consulted at all in regard to our feelings and wishes, thus laying the immediate authors of our existence under the strangest obligation to see that our rights are protected and our wants supplied, therefore,

Resolved, That we do earnestly protest against the partiality sometimes exhibited by our mothers, in nursing lapdogs, and making parlor companions of them as though they were the real offspring instead of ourselves, while we are still. urned out to Bridget.

Resolved, That we claim as our right. place in the parental bed, and deem it a very poor excuse for tucking us away with the nurse that our mother comes from parties late at night, and does not wish to be broken of her rest

Resolved. That we are opposed to taking medicine, when it would seldom be required if we were properly taken care of by our mothers, and especially do we raise our voices against the practice of many nurses, who secretly keep a bottle of pategoric, or Godfrey's cordial, and force down our throafs a dose in the evening, so that we may not disturb them in

Resolved. That in consequence of these and other abuses to which we are subjected, most of us become sickly, and about half our number die before we are old enough to take care of ourselves. Resolved. That our cry shall be . War.

war,' and not 'Peace, peace,' until our wrongs are redressed, and our rights re-Noted, That the proceedings of this

onvention be published in all the papers from Maine to Texas."

THE Empress of France having been recommended by her physician to exercise has a pair of skates arranged with wheels All Hallow's eve, the ann vers ry of the and on them she skims about on the polished floors of the Tuileries.

> Ir is said that a 'fast' young gentleman heats his shaving water every morning with the fire of his genius.

A young lady given to tattle, says she never tell anything except to two classes to the orphan asylum.

Knick Knacks.

IMPRESSIONS AT FIRST SIGHT .- This subject being brought up at the supper table, was getting talked over, when the lady who presided 'o'er the cups and tea,' said 'she always formed an idea of a person at first sight, and that idea she found was generally a correct one.'

'Mamma,' said her youngest son. in & shrill voice that attracted the attention of

Well, my dear,' said the fond mother, what do you want?'

'I want to know,' said Young America. what you thought when you first saw There was no answer to this query,

but we learn a general titter prevailed. and that Charlie was taken into the kitchen immediately by the servant. WHEN Shakespeare made Polonius say

that 'the apparel oft proclaims the man,' he could not have foreseen the pranks of Miss Emma Snodgrass. MR. SMITH, don't you think Mr. Skee-

sick is a young man of parts?' Decidedly so, Miss Brown; he is part umskull, part knave and part fool.'

A PHILOSOPHER in Putnam's Magazine. says that women may make shirts for 8 cents e piece, but he defies them to make anything-except shirts. A living must be picked up by some other means.

THE criterion of true beauty is, that it ncreases on examination; if false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creation of

gar' in any other shape than is specified. question now is, does this prevent the introduction of 'country girls' into our mar-

In a late abolition speech in New York, Miss Lucy Stone said: But I know so well there is cotton in

the ears of men, let us look for hope in he bosom of woman.

THE Frenchman is a model in coolness and philosophy. Run away with his wife and he looses no time in making love to the first pretty girl he meets. If he looses a fortune, instead of taking prussic

A FATHER whose son was addicted to rome vicious propensities, bade the boy drive a nail into a certain post whenever he committed a fault, and agreed that a nail should be drawn out whenever he corrected an error. In process of time the post was completely filled with nails.

The youth became alarmed at the extent of his indiscretions, and set about reforming himself. One by one, the nails were drawn out, and the father commended his noble, self denying heroism, in freeing himself from his faults. They are all drawn out, said the par

The boy looked sad, and there was a whole volume of practical wisdom in his sadness With an unhappy heart, he replied: True, father, but the scars are there

'SAMBO, whar you git dat watch you wear to meetin' last Sunday ?'

'How you know I had watch?' Because I seed the chain hang out de

pocket in front.' 'Go way nigger! Spose you see halter round my neck, you tink dar hoss inside

LEROIC SAMBO .- A negro in Boston

had a very severe attack of rheumatism. which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it, rubbed it, washed it, and swarthed it, but all to no purpose. Finally, tearaway the bandages, he stuck it out, and shaking his fist at it, exclaimed : 'Ache away den, ole feller, ache away, I shan't do noffiin more for yer: dis child can stand it as long as you can, so ache away.'

Poverty makes people very familiar. Let John Whitely, for example, fall from a 'flourishing merchant' to a bankrupt, and those who once called him John Whitely, Esq.,' will soor come to speak of him as 'old White,' while those who formerly passed him by with smiles and elevated beavers, will exchange them for a slap on the shoulder, and the more hearty expression of 'How are you old fellow?'-Misfortune melts dignity like snow in a

THEY have a "dre'ful" mean man in Iowa. He gave the measles to a neigh-bor the other day, and has been crying ever since, not because he parted with the measles, but because he had to give them away. Could he have sold them, be would have died happy. He is a brother to the old gent who resides at Tray, who never has green peas for dinner without remembering the pour-he sends the pode